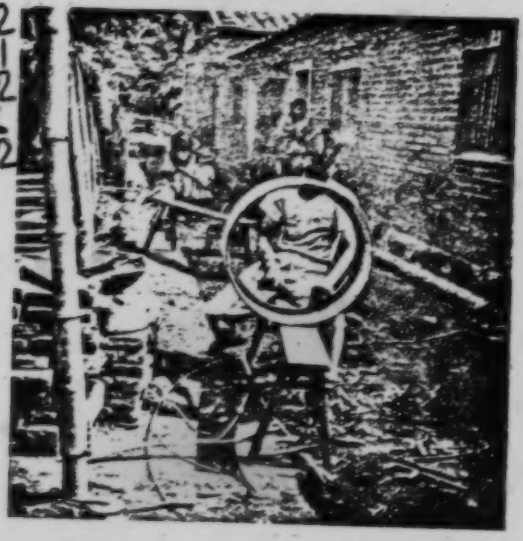
1:Gallin E-4,5 (1957-1958) 1966
AD5 Taiwan Hokkien AD5

[P.148-B]

302
305
291
516
142

ABOVE: Itinerant beautician. BELOW: Itinerant artisan making steamers.

342
291
352
516
322



1:Gallin E-4,5 (1957-1958) 1966
AD5 Taiwan Hokkien AD5

[P. 148-C]

243
291
• 142
516

ABOVE: Stacking rice straw after harvest. RIGHT: Grinding glutinous rice for holiday cakes.

251
516
291
142
342
415

1:Gallin E-4,5 (1957-1958) 1966
AD5 Taiwan Hokkien AD5

[P.148-D]

142
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585
777
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585
292
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ABOVE: "Good-luck lady" leads typical Hsin Hsing bride to sedan chair. LEFT: Son of successful Hsin Hsing village migrant and his bride. BELOW: *Pai-pai* to T'ien Kung for sixteen-year-old boy.

782
142
352
373
415
291

[P.148-E]

142
269
516
415

798
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142
291

ABOVE: Ancestor worship. RIGHT: Altar in kung t'ing with statues of invited gods. BELOW: *Tao shih* begins *pai-pai* at midnight before arrival of bride.

585
415
292
352
793

1:Gallin E-4,5 (1957-1958) 1966
AD5 Taiwan Hokkien AD5

[P.148-G]

585
534
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342
• 142

ABOVE: Neighboring village comes to Hún Hiang to pick up bride. BELOW: Sending boys off to army.

702
291
142
493

1:Gallin E-4,5 (1957-1958) 1966
AD5 Taiwan Hokkien AD5

[P. 148-H]

142
756
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212
787

Possessed *t'iao t'ung* and his assistant recording "god's words."

Matsu procession: a successful call for rain.

789
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293

3: Wolf F-5 (1959-1961) 1968 AD5 Taiwan Hokkien AD5
Peihotien

A-hua was too deep in her misery to comprehend the direction of her mother's burst of anger. She continued to sob, "Oh, if only you had let me take that job last summer. I'll find a job somewhere else. You just tell me how much money you want and I'll send it home every month. I don't want to be at home anymore. It is too much now."

Lim So-lan looked exhausted. She sat down next to her daughter and told her sadly, "All right. If you find a job, I'll let you go. You don't need to send any money. If you want to go, go. I'm going to sell the house and let you two make your own lives. I want no more of this noise and turmoil. I am old now and I want peace."

A-hua was frightened by her mother's weary resignation. She whimpered, "She always says she hated me since I was a child."

Lim So-lan's old mother found she was missing too much with her back to the group. She rejoined them, muttering angrily to her daughter, "That is true, So-lan. Gioq-ki says it to anyone who will listen. She didn't like A-hua from the time she was adopted."

So-lan just nodded without comment. The other women began to drift out; the excitement was over. As I left I heard one of them giving A-hua the age-old consolation: "Never mind. Never mind. In a few years you will be married and won't have to bear her meanness anymore. Just be patient. They will find you a husband soon and then there will be two families, and she won't be able to order you about."

Nothing came of A-hua's outburst. When the factory reopened the following week, she returned to work as an obedient daughter should, and she continued to be servant and scapegoat for her elder sister. I have included the episode here not because it was a turning point in A-hua's life, but because it illustrates how different Lim So-lan's life is from the happy, peaceful existence expected by women with married children and grandchildren. Her husband's anxieties about her future were justified. So-lan's daughters give her little comfort and her relations with her son-in-law are at best distant. "I never speak to Chang," she said, "partly because I can't speak Mandarin, and partly because I have never forgiven him. He never speaks to me either except to ask me where Gioq-ki is when he can't find her."

Gioq-ki is certainly the cause of most of her mother's unhappiness, but life has not fulfilled all the promises it seemed to offer Gioq-ki either. She is, or could be, an attractive woman—tall, graceful, intense. In her mother's face one can still see the gentle prettiness of a

3:Wolf F-5 (1959-1961) 1968 AD5 Taiwan Hokkien AD5
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*159 former village beauty, but Gioq-ki is of another type. She resembles
• 142 far more her half-brother A-bok and her uncle Lim Chieng-cua than her short, stocky mother. From her father's family she inherited the unusual long, thin face with its high cheekbones, narrow nose, and
*159 firm, somewhat pointed chin. She also inherited, or imbibed, that fam-
157 ily's hot temper and fierce character. In Lim Hue-lieng, his brother, and his father, these traits were awesome and even admired; in a Taiwanese female, they are labelled insolence. Gioq-ki is better educated than most village women and though overly proud of her education, she makes no use of it. She is clearly intelligent, but her quick mind only intensifies her restlessness and her dissatisfaction.

It is not difficult to see why Gioq-ki was attracted to the newspaper reporter who grew up on the mainland of China. Chang Jong-kuei is handsome, assured, and sophisticated. His carefully tailored, imported business suits look out of place on village paths, but he shows no signs of self-consciousness. Although the expression on his face suggests affability, his only contact with his village neighbors is at the gambling tables. When Gioq-ki met him, her experience with sophistication was limited to the practiced posing of young village toughs. While bold in a fight and defiant of their enemies, these young men withered at a glance from her father. They speak with confidence and respond quickly to any insult, and yet they are cautious of public opinion in their villages and accept the dictates of local custom. Chang Jong-kuei knows nothing of these restraints. He is an educated mainlander, a city dweller without obligation. Gioq-ki saw him move with ease and assurance through expensive hotels and restaurants in which her father would have looked out of place and slightly uncomfortable. Her father and the *lo mua* feared no one but deferred to the community; Chang Jong-kuei knew no community. The average villager would not trust Chang simply because he is not subject to the usual social pressures, but to Gioq-ki, living in the glow of her father's reputation for independence and power, Chang Jong-kuei's freedom from restraint looked like a personal quality.

*159 At the time Gioq-ki and Chang met, young people in the villages
*593 were just beginning to demand the right to choose their own marriage
178 partners. The objections of Gioq-ki's parents to her choice were bal-
582 anced by her contemporaries' admiration of her boldness. What doubts
584 she herself may have had about marrying a rootless mainlander were cancelled by her fiance's confidence and his dangerously foolish belief in her father's inability to interfere.

3:Wolf F-5 (1959-1961) 1968 AD5 Taiwan Hokkien AD5
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instead of turning to the dubious activities of the *lo mua*, they are violent only in defending the good name of their district and chastising in dark alleys any luckless mainland soldiers who force their attentions on "good" Taiwanese girls. Currently, their main activity seems to center on finding places to dance and people to dance with, an illegal activity during this period. Masa is much sought after as a dancing teacher and is reputed to be "the best." He is a romantically handsome boy with a surprising wave in his thick hair, but he does not look like a Lim. He has the charm, the temper, and the leadership potential typical of the rest of the Lims, but he is the only child of Lim Hue-lieng who has no physical resemblance to him. He has instead the short, square, powerful body of his mother, a rounder face and the broad Taiwanese nose.

I neglected to ask the family why he was known by a Japanese nickname, but regardless of the reason the name is appropriate. The image of Japan held by the younger people in the village is a composite of Japanese popular songs, colorful Japanese movies, and soft drink advertisements picturing pretty Japanese girls with friendly smiles. Masa is one of many village boys who cherish this image as an alternative to the life they know in Peihotien. As the men of his grandfather's generation chaffed under the restrictions of a Japanese colonial government and longed for the return of a Chinese administration that they could not remember, so the young men of today look upon a past they were too young to know, as a time of freedom and plenty. They read the second rate Japanese novels that are banned on Taiwan, and wear with excessive arrogance the humble Japanese *zori* that the Chinese government foolishly attempted to ban (and has since started manufacturing themselves). Nearly all of these young people have stop-gap jobs of one sort or another which bring them a little spending money but nothing that suggests a beginning in adult life. They simply wait, passing the time as pleasantly as they can. Masa and several others his age participate in the village band that marches in all religious processions, but the religion itself they scorn. Few Taiwanese take religion with the earnest seriousness that Westerners demand, but the young men of Masa's group (and that does not include all the young people of the village) laugh at the shamans, regard the priests in the temples as cynical men who have found a soft job, and ancestor worship as a tradition that must be carried on only for the pleasure it gives the old people in the family.

3:Wolf F-5 (1959-1961) 1968 AD5 Taiwan Hokkien AD5
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ceased when she entered the family of Tan. Even though she had been an adopted daughter in the Lim house for ten years, she had been sent with all propriety to the home of her future husband. If she left that family as a respectable bride, she should have brought her troubles back to them, or even to her natal family if she knew their whereabouts. Instead, A-hong always brought her problems home to the Lims. A quarrel with the man who was currently supporting her was grounds for a week's vacation at the Lim's. If she had trouble finding a new "friend," she stayed for awhile with the Lims. Her eldest daughter, Chun-ieng, spent as much of her childhood under the care of Lim Han-ci's wife and Lim A-pou as she did with her mother. Why Tan A-hong felt she could make such demands on the family, and why they allowed it, is a puzzle, but she continues to do so to this day.

Chun-ieng was born during the war. Many children were sent into the country during those years to protect them from the American bombings and so Chun-ieng, of course, was sent to the Lims. A-hong's second child was a son. When he was five or six, A-hong was living with a man, apparently not his father, in Tainan. They quarreled one evening and in a fit of temper she ran out, leaving him with the boy. She stayed away for nearly two weeks, during which time the boy contracted measles. A-hong's gentleman friend did his best at an unfamiliar job, but when A-hong recovered her good humor and returned, her son was dead. Sometime later she adopted a daughter who succumbed to a similar disease before she was old enough to walk. Finally, in A-hong's fortieth year, when her fading looks had forced her to work in the least desirable brothels of Tainan, she gave birth to her daughter, Chai-ngo.

When I met Tan A-hong, it was as hard to believe that she was only forty-five as it was to believe that she had once been a very pretty woman. She is quite short, fine boned, with delicate wrists and ankles, but now her back is stooped and her shoulders hunched, perhaps, as many people suggest, from the long hours she spends at the gambling tables. Her face is beautifully proportioned with a small, thin nose, high cheek bones, fairly large eyes and a fine wide brow. But now, her cheeks are sunken and lined, and her high cheek bones suggest too strongly the skeleton that lies beneath the sallow, muddy skin. Her hair is no longer thick, but it is still unusually fine in texture. She combs it so rarely that its quality goes unnoticed. She dresses in the fashion of the poorest village wife, sloppily and with not a few greasy

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spots on her skirt—but the sweater she throws over her shoulders is often imported. Her voice is shrill or gives that impression because she is nearly always scolding or complaining about something, but one can imagine that it was once a light feminine soprano.

Tan A-hong had not had any permanent "friends" for some time before Chai-ngo was born, and after her birth she found it more and more difficult to make a living. Chun-ieng was sent out to work. She was nineteen when I first met her and had been working as a prostitute for four years. To me she seemed more like a sophisticated American teenager than the timid giggling village girls her age. She was considerably less curious about us then were her contemporaries in the village, but far less hesitant about satisfying her curiosity. The village girls went into paroxysms of shyness if I asked them a question, but Chun-ieng howled at my accent and then good-humoredly tried to answer my questions. I rarely saw her interacting with anyone her own age in the village, but she joins the games of small children with an abandon and glee that would bring blushes of shame to the cheeks of her stodgy peers. The childish pleasure she finds in cooking, in feeding the family's dog, or in watching a newly hatched flock of ducks is both unaffected and pathetic. When she is in the village, Chun-ieng dresses soberly and wears little or no make-up, but she is undeniably different from the other girls her age. Her upright bearing, her poise in conversation, and even her smooth, pale skin are out of place in the muddy lanes and the coarse brick farmhouses. She is tall, unlike her mother, but her bones have the same delicacy. Her face is long and thin, giving her high cheekbones the drama that her mother's lack. Her eyes are a bit too small, but she shapes her eyebrows carefully to minimize the defect. She doesn't cut her fine black hair, nor allow it to be frizzed by cheap permanents. Often in the village she pulls it back into a pony tail, giving her an innocent Alice-in-Wonderland look. She loves to gossip and has great skill in spinning a simple anecdote into an intriguing story. Without slipping into vulgarity, she can entertain the rather staid women of the Lim household with endless stories about her work—she can even keep Lim A-pou sitting for awhile. There is always more laughter in the house when Chun-ieng is home.

Prostitutes in Peihotien occupy a rather ambiguous position, resembling in no way the status forced on a prostitute, retired or active, in an American small town. They are considered "more inter-

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made the mistake once of borrowing money for her which she finally had to repay herself. Tan A-hong who lives next door to Mui-mue said that someone or other comes nearly every day to try to get money owed to them. The two women then tried to calculate the debts known to them and came up with a figure close to NT$10,000, not including their current bill at Ng's store. Tan A-hong's righteous indignation at Mui-mue's debts and daily gambling may strike the reader as hypocritical, but in a village economy Mui-mue's peccadilloes are less forgivable than A-hong's. The latter pays her debts, albeit with her daughter's money, but Mui-mue borrows from non-relatives as from relatives with no serious plan for repayment. The long suffering wife of the village storekeeper told me one day, "That Iu Mui-mue! Her body is stuffed with borrowed money! She has charged over NT$800 worth of rice from me alone. You don't even have to talk about all the other food. She borrowed over NT$400 from my father-in-law a long time ago. Every time I ask her to pay some of her bill, she says she doesn't have any money, but then she is always off somewhere gambling. She never stops to think 'I owe lots of people money. I should stop gambling.'"

Iu Mui-mue and her husband are both gamblers but on a modest scale. They have neither enough money nor wits to spend the long hours at the tables with the real addicts. Mui-mue provides the serious gamblers with great amusement because of her children. The girl is old enough now to run herd on the two smaller boys, but when their mother is gambling, all three frequently gang up on the poor woman and create terrible scenes until she bribes them outdoors with money for candy and cookies. Since she usually enters the games with small capital, the children cut her playing time to a minimum. Her own voracious appetite consumes what little she may win.

I have often wondered what it was that attracted Mui-mue's husband and what it is that keeps him with her. Physically, she couldn't have been very appealing when they met, and she certainly hasn't improved since. She is fat, not in the sleek, shining manner of a prosperous Chinese matron, but with the lumpy, coarseness of a slattern in any culture. Her abilities as a housewife are minimal and her meals haphazard. Although her eldest child is a pleasant, patient girl and is perhaps a bit more intelligent than the rest of the family, she is growing sneaky and spiteful with the burden of the two little boys constantly on her hands. The boys are literally borderline cases. The

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#159 between] came to talk about a marriage when I was nineteen, but I
+593 said I didn't want to get married. I still didn't want to get married
597 when I was twenty-three, but my parents made me do it. It was all
584 because of my parents. I knew about this family and I didn't want to marry into it. It is better the way they do it now—it is better to pick out your husband yourself because then you can get along together. See how it is with me. I didn't want this marriage and I was right. We don't get along at all. He is always going *peng, peng, peng* [the sound used to denote scolding]. There is nothing good about an arranged marriage. The very most you can do is visit your parents now and then and say, 'I didn't want to marry him and you made me do it so now you are responsible for my suffering.' But when I was married, all of the marriages were arranged by the parents. And that is the stupidest thing in the world.

"I was only 19 when they came to talk about this marriage. I wouldn't do it, and my grandmother wouldn't make me do it. She didn't like the things she heard about the Lims either. But three years later my mother and her husband's elder brother's wife went ahead and arranged this marriage. Every time I go home, I complain to them that they gave me a sad, hard life."

#159 I pointed out to Chui-ieng that I often see her sitting with her
+596 husband whispering to him about various things and she answered
#593 indignantly, "Oh you. You are so dumb. He beats me all the time because we get along so well, is that why? You don't know how hard I had to work when I first married into this family. I even had to go out and work in the fields with the rest of them. And all the time he is scolding . . ."

[124] My assistant, whose honesty at times overwhelms her diplomacy, suggested, "Well, he only hits you when something happens. He doesn't hit you just to amuse himself."

Chui-ieng could not deny the truth of this but asserted, "Yes, but I'll always remember it. I'll never forget it until I die. I'll always remember to bring it up and talk about it once in awhile."

Lim Chieng-cua and Chui-ieng have four boys and two girls. Their first born, Kim-hok, is a tall, handsome boy in his early teens.
• [142] He has the long-boned body and the fine, thin features of his father's family. He also has their temperament and in him I fear it will be a
#159 handicap that it was not to the generations before him. Their strength
+596 and self-confidence show up in Kim-hok as stubborn arrogance. The
159

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she resorts to attacks on their possessions, their smaller siblings, or to vicious cursing from a safe distance. She is disliked by most of the village children and finds her only companionship with Tan A-hong's youngest daughter. Chai-ngo is gradually rejecting her as she becomes better acquainted in the village, leaving Bieng-cu to her own devices which consist mainly of tormenting the last born of Lim Chieng-cua's children, Cin-hok. When I left the village, Cin-hok was the four-year-old stereotype of all last-born boys in Chinese families. He acts much younger than his age and takes full advantage of his position. He cries more than any child I have ever known, but his tears can be turned on and off at will. To stop them one need only comply with the demand that started them, and that is exactly what everyone in the family does. What A-bok's young son achieves with insolent charm, Cin-hok gets with long, sullen crying. Both Bieng-cu and Cin-hok are lacking in the family good looks. They resemble neither parent but are square, stocky-looking peasants.

After Cin-hok's birth, Lim Chui-ieng entered a hospital and had an hysterectomy. When she left the hospital she went to her adoptive parents' home and informed them that she never intended to step foot in her husband's house again. I have no idea what plans she had for supporting herself, but after a few weeks her foster brothers told her firmly that she must return to her husband. Even if she believed them far superior to her husband's family, they could not afford to support another man's wife for the rest of her life. Poor Chui-ieng's last attempt to reject her "fate" ran head on into reality. Personally, I question the sincerity of her avowed intention of severing her relations with the Lim family. I am more inclined to believe it was just another attempt to bring trouble and humiliation upon what she considered the unjustifiably proud head of her husband. She returned to him and her children just over a month after her operation.